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The Fashionable, or, London and country songster

London

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THE

FASHIONABLE;

OR, LONDON AND COUNTRY

SONGSTER.

No. 7. { TO BE COMPLETE IN TWELVE NUMBERS. } No 7.

OONTENTS.

A do, my love
A hint to lovers
Alas those chimes
A man of ten thousand
American Indian war song
A merry little sailor out at sea
Answer to Annie Laurie
Analysation
Ben Bolt's reply
Britons strike home
Bid me not forget thee
Catch
Christmas nights
Come old time
Come, bustle, bustle
Each bullet has its commission
Fanny the fair
Forget not the field
Friend of my youth
Free and easy
Give me love that billing kiss
Glee
Go to the pump
Hall Sweethope
Here's a health to thee Mary
Hope told a flattering tale
Hoist high the flag again
Hunting song
I had a tanner
If to love
I mourn in silent anguish
In a court near the city
I slept and ho how sweet the dream
I want tin
Joey and his Margery
Jack Mizen
King of a gipsy band
Land ho
Look always on the sunny side
Major McPherson
Molly Malone
My dear shepherd's cot
My dad was a soldier
Niggar take warning
Now isn't it a pity
Noisy neighbours
Now to the forest
Oh, thou wert born to please me
Of all the fair guest
Old man 'you'll burst your boiler
Regret
Saturday night
Spring
The aretnusa
The Bachelor bewitched
The beggar
The cottage in the vale
The cow-slip
The flowers of May
The fortune teller
The great sea serpent
The gin fiend
The heart knows only
The Grenwich pensioner
The Jovial Philosopher
The letter N
The lark
The legacy
The life boat
The old year
The pleasures of Samarkand.
The reformed rake
The signal gun
The spring is coming
The thunderbolt frigate
The Tavern
The sprig of Shellelaghs
The temptations of good St. Anthony
The tar for all weathers
The unfortunate man
The voice of her I love
The wide awake wife
The vite moon is up
Twas on a sunday morning
There's a war time coming on
Where is that Rover
Who calls
Why so sad
Young Ellen Loraine

LONDON:

T. GOODE, 30, AYLESBURY STREET,

CLERKENWELL.

THE HOMES OF OLD ENGLAND.

AIR—'*The Bells of Merry England.*

THE homes of old England I see them again,
The flowers on the meadow, the flocks on the plain,
The white gables gleaming among the green trees,
O, who could be weary of pictures like these?

I see the green lawn, with its borders of flowers,
I feel the cool shade of its trell-is-work bowers,
I hear the sweet music of woodland and grove,
And are they not near me—the friends whom I love?

Once more I behold the neat cottages too,
The woodbine wreathed windows, sunshine smiles through;
The orchards, so gay with the promise of spring,
The garden of roses where summer birds sing.

The labourer returning at night from his toil,
To sit by his fire, and to see the sweet smile,
Of untiring affection, more felt than express'd,
That welcomes him back to the home of his rest.

All these have I sigh'd for when far, far away,
When soft was the moonlight, and dazzling the day,
When all things around me were changing and new,
To the homes of old England my thoughts were still true

I've been where the streams, with more silvery swell,
Have woke the wild echoes of many a green dell,
Where landscapes more lovely and vistas more bright,
Than fancy e'er pic ured, have burst on my sight

I've been where the flowers were more brilliant in hue,
The skies more resplendent with sapphire and blue,
I've been where the rocks were more bold and sublime,
But I wanted the sound of the evening-bell's chimed,

I've been where the air was more pure and calm,
The breath of the morning more laden with balm,
I've been where the sun in more glory has set,
But the homes of old England I ne'er could forget

BRING ME WINE

TUNE—*You promised me to marry*

WHEN over mead and mountain
Sweet spring her mantle throws
And to the shaded fountain
The love-sick shepherd goes
Ther wrapt in melancholy,
(A fate that ne'er was mine,)
The stream reflects his folly,
So bring me, bring me wine.

When summer's sun is gleaming
On the yellow plain,
And Beauty's eyes are beaming
On eyes that beam again,
The lover through the meadow,
Pursues the nymph divine,
But loves a fleeting shadow,
So bring me, bring me wine,

When Winter winds are roaring,
Around his soft retreat
And chilly love deploring,
He hears the tempest beat,
While silly swains are mourning,
Pleasures swift decline,
Spring and joy returning,
Shall bring me rosy wine.

THE IMPATIENT LOVER.

TO him that in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

No more that trembling wretch would give,
A nother day or year to live,
Than I to shorten what remains,
Of that long hour which thee detains,

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
Come once to justify and pay,
The pain I feel from this delay.

SWEETEST LOVE.

Sweetest love I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart,
Tender woman to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art.
Farewell Bessy.

Yet, oh, yet again we'll meet love,
And repose our hearts at last
Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet,
Claim to think on sorrows past.
Farewell Bessy

Yes my girls, the distant blessing,
Mayn't be always sought in vain;
And the moment of possessing,
Will it not repay our pain.
Farewell Bessy.

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee;
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me.
Farewell Bessy.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom,
Can it, dearest, must it be;
Thou within an hour shalt loose him,
He for ever loses thee.
Farewell Bessy.

JOEY & HIS MARGERY.

By L. M. THORNTON ESQ,

Tune "Vilikins and his Dinah."

Let them talk of their Dinahs and their Yilikins too,
I reckon you never did hear of Joe Clew,
Who vhen he vent courting to Margery Sly,
Was serv'd out so bad as you'll hear bye and bye.
Singing too ral, &c.

You must know as how Margery wanted him not,
'Cause vhy? she another young lovier had got,
But Joey so liked her, that nought vould he hear
From any who bade him of Margery beware.
Singing too ral, &c.

One night as did Joey to Margery hie,
She said 'My dear Joe I've been thinking on thee.
And mean to have you a month from to day.'
'Vhy you really dont mean it,' her Joey did say.
Singing too ral, &c.

A month from that time Joey vent to the door,
Expecting from then that his troubles vere o'er,
Henceforward the damsel to have and to hold,
Oh, the thought of it sets me all shivering with cold.
Singing too ral, &c.

For this naughty young voman vith others that day,
Dress'd up an old bear in bridal array,
When flounced round and bustled, the trick none espied out
All to frighten poor Joey and turn him inside out.
Singing too ral, &c.

His Margery met him as he did suppose,
Array'd all in white from her head to her toes.
With female attendants that walk'd by her side,
Just as if they vere a cheering the heart of the bride.
Singing too ral, &c.

Joe thought 'All Serene,' when the lady he saw,
Took hold of her hand, or rather her paw,
When the bear grown quite tired of the dress and reception,
Bethought it high time to expose the deception.
Singing too ral, &c.

In vain Joey promised to come there no more,
The animal hugg'd him more tight than before,
And grinned in his face with such horrid grimaces,
Keep me from a bride with such ardent embraces,
Singing too ral, &c.

Poor Joey at length vas a free man agen,
Now aint there a moral for all you young men?
There is, and I hope that you'll take it for granted,
Be sure you never go where you're not wanted-
Singing Too ral lal loo lal day.

UP WITH THE STANDARD OF ENGLAND.

Hark, where the Lion is roaring.
List, list, 'tis the growl of the Bear
Above the proud Eagle is soaring,
The Crescent waves high in the air
Thesteed with impatience is neighing,
The flag of rude war is unfurled,
The trumpet its wild note is braying
And threatens the peace of the world.

Then up with the Standard of England,
Our watchword alone be Advance,
Up, up with the Standard of England,
And raise the brave banner of France,

'Tis fearful that life should be wasted
'Tis dreadful that blood should be shed,
That the horrors of war should be tasted,
That ravens and wolves should be fed,
All that honour permits has been borne,
Every mild art of peace has been tried,
Mediation been met with foul scorn
And now war to the knife' must decide.
Then up with, &c.

Then onward by sea and by land,
Since there's no other cause to pursue,
Let old England and Franee hand in hand
Show the world what combined they can do,
Let our scabbardless sword meet the light—
Down, down with the tyrant our cry,
'Tis for honour and justice we fight
So forward, to conquer or die.
Then up with, &c.

A BLESSING ON THE OUTWARD BOUND.

A blessing on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go,
From hills and dales their father's own'd,
Or cottage poor and low.
'Tis no slight thing to part from home,
Whate'er that home may be;
To trust a doubtful future, on
The wild and stormy sea.
But while the tide of life rolls on
The mighty stream must flow;
Then blessings on the outward bound,
Wherever they may go.

A blessing on the outward bound,
The noble and the true,
Who've wrestled long with poverty,
Which they shall conquer too.
The earth was made for man to share.
And worthy it are they,
Those brave and bold adventures,
Our proud ships bear away.
To freedom and to sunny lands,
Still may the breezes blow—
May God protect the outward bound
Wherever they may go.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH, WHERE ARE YE.

Written by James Green, Bath

Friends of my boyhood, who once look'd on life,
Throughout the self-same glass of hope as I,
When fancy, o'er the vale of tears and strife
Threw rainbow hues, and gilt life's clouded sky.
Oh, where are ye.

Oh where, oh where, are ye friends of my Youth,
Oh, where the vows of friendship that ye made,

How little thought we they were dreams of truth,
By life—by death, we are alike betray'd.
Oh, where are ye.

Ye the companions of my ev'ry joy,
To sport—to friendship—to memory dear,
Is manhood only now the ripen'd boy,
Or, have ye claim'd death's tributary tear.
Oh, where are ye.

Perhaps, between us, rolls the ocean's wave,
Or the cold wave of Death may part us now,
Th' eternal shore whose chilling waters lave—
When—where shall I next your alter'd brow.
Oh, where are ye.

SPRING.

Written by J. Green.—Bath

I come, yes I come, and to welcome my ray,
The primrose and cowslip will burst into day,
In music I'll breathe o'er the violet's bed.
Its treasur'd perfume o'er my song it will shed.

With silver stars—dasies, I'l stud the bright lawn,
I'll hang them with dewdrops. my diamonds of dawn,
I'll gild with my gilcups each hedge and each field.
I'll give them, so countless, the charms which they yield.

The tree is my lyre, and the stream is my lute,
No chords, as I come, of creation is mute,
When earth in her garment o gladness is clad,
At my impulse of joy scarce sorrow is sad.

MAJOR McPHERSON.

Major McPherson was a very nice man,
He had but one eye, and his name was Dan,
Major McPherson stood three feet four,
The ladies all said what a shame he's not more.
Yet so it was—they were perfectly right,
He was a major by name but a minor by right.

Major McPherson heaved a sigh,
Major McPherson didn't know why,
But Major McPherson soon found out
'Twas all for Miss Lavinia Scout.
Says Major McPherson, "I have no doubt,
But I'm scorn'd by Miss Lavinia Scout.

But as on her I still must doat,
I'll make it a point to cut my throat,"
Then Major McPherson took a razor,
And said—'Oh, how I'll amaze her,
My fate decrees my hour is come,'
So he drew the edge across his—thumb.
But still on his woes did the major harp,
But the major was young and the razor was sharp,
I'll vanish," he said, "from her presence quick,"
So instead of his throat, he cut his —stick.

BEN BOLT'S REPLY.

Ah, yes, I remember that name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear
I seek her lone grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear
And there when the heart is o'erburdened with woes,
I wonder and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my head shall repose
Where sweet Alice lies under the stone.
And long, &c.

I roam through the woods where so joyous we strayed,
And recline on the green sunny hill;
All things are as bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill:
For the hand that so fondly I then press'd in mine,
And the lips that were melting with love,
Are cold in the grave, and I'm left to repine,
'Till I meet with dear Alice above
Are cold, &c.

Ah, well I remember the school house and brook
And the master so kind and so true,
The wild blooming flowers in the cool shady nook,
So fragrant with incense and dew.
But I weep not for those though so dear to my heart,
Nor the friends that have left us alone,
The bosom will heave, and the tear drops will start,
For sweet Alice lies under the stone.
For sweet, &c.

LOOK, ALWAYS ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

Look always on the sunny side
'Tis wise and better far,
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.
The springs of rosy laughter lie
Close by the well of fears,
Yet why should merry fancies die
Drown'd in a flood of tears.
Look always on the sunny side,
'Tis wise and better far,
And safer thro' life's cares to glide,
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side,
The guiltless bosom ran,
Nor tremble 'neath life's roughest tide
It is not worthy man.
Why should the heart with vain regret
Break joy's enchanting spell.
Tho' age be come, love lingers yet,
In every flow'ry dell.
Look always on the sunny side
'Tis wise and better far,
And safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side,
Earth's not forlorn or drear,
Hope, ever be thro' life our guide
My friends, nor shadows fear
The clouds around the sun,
dd glory to the skies—
Thus, shadows around us ung,
Make brighter days arise.
Look always on the sunny side,
'Tis wise and better far,
nd safer thro' life's cares to glide
Beneath hope's beaming star.

ALAS, THOSE CHIMES.

Sung by Miss Pool.

Alas, those chimes so sweetly pealing
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like pity's voice revealing
To the dying, death is near,
Still he slumbers how serenely,
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh, that angels now might waft him,
In the mansion of the blest.

TOAST.

May the consolation of religion sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.

FREE AND EASY.

I'm the lad that's free and easy
Though a simple country clown,
And I'll do my best to please you,
Though they call me honest John.

Let the world jog on as it will,
I'll be free and easy still,
Free and easy, free and easy,
I'll be free and easy still.

There's a maid I could fancy,
Oh, That she would fancy me,
Then I would call her charming Nancy,
Still I'll be free and easy still.

If this maid she should prove civil,
True and constant I will be
If she's merry as the devil,
Still I'll free and easy be.

If a king should set beside me,
I'd smoke my pipe with usual glee,
Let puppies laugh and fools deride me,
Still I'll free and easy be.

'TWAS ON SUNDAY MORNING,

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did peal:
A note came thro' the window,
With Cupid on the seal.
And soon I heard a whisper,
As soft as seraphs sing.
'Twas on a Sunday morning
Before the bells did ring.

The dawn had been but cloudy
My heart had caught its gloom
But now a sudden sunlight
Fill'd all my little room.
I kiss'd the note, 'twas guarded
With ribbon, flower, and string:
'Twas on a Sunday morning
Before the bells did ring.

Oh. good was he and handsome
As any in the land;
That vow'd to me his true heart
His heart and faithful hand,
I hurried through the garden,
And back the gate did swing,
'Twas on a Sunday morning
Before the bells did ring.

My foot just turned the fieldpath,
And on its turf did rest,
When in his arms he caught me
And strain'd me to his breast.
A tear was on his fond cheek,
Sweet tears that love can bring,
'Twas on a Sunday morning
Before the bells did ring.

THE GIN FIEND,

(Henry Russell.)

The gin fiend cast his eyes abroad,
And look'd o'er all the land,
And number'd his myriad worshippers.
With his bird-like long right hand
He took his place in the teeming streets,
And watch'd the people go
Around and about
With a buzz and a shout,
For ever to and fro.

And it's Hip, he said, hip, hip, hurrah,
For the multitudes I see,
Who offer themselves in sacrifice,
And die for the love of me,

There passed a man in the crowded way,
With eyes bloodshot and dim.
He wore a coat without a sleeve,
And a hat without a rim;
His grimy hands with palsy shook,
And he fearfully he laugh'd,
Or drivelled and swore,
As he clamoured for more
Of the burning poison draught

And it's Hip, said the gin fiend Hip, Hurrah,
Success to him over his bowl,
A few short months have made him mine,
Brain, and body, and soul.

TOAST.

May we never want bread to make a toast of.

THERE'S A WAR TIME COMING ON.

Written by Thomas Ramsey.

There's a war time coming on, a
war time coming on—
To support great freedom's cause
Subvert and crush a tyrant's laws
A war time has come on.
Liberty her flag unfurls,
What patron can be stronger,
And defiance at oppression hurls,
We'll stand his game no longer
For a war time has come,'&c.

A war time has come on, &c.
The Bear thought none would note
the deed.
While he did on the Turkey feed—
But a war time has come on
This Bear met crawling round the
church,
He thought no plea was stronger
To lick the Turkey off his perch
But he'll keep his perch yet longer
Now a war time has come, &c.

A war time has come, &c.
Then France and England have com-
bined,
In the good cause their forces joined
Now a war time has come on
Then balls given by England and by
France—
What music can be stronger,
Will teach this rude old Bear to
dance,
He shall rule the roast no longer.
A war time has come on, &c.

war time has come, &c.
Where this Bear does place his foot,
Injustice and misrule takes root—
So a war time has come on
He'd shackle freedom, crush the
brave,
But freedom's arm is stronger
nd scorns to live a branded
slave,
She'll bear the scourge no longer.
So a war time has come, &c.

A war time has come on, &c.
When Nick first saw our household
troops,
He treated them as English dupes—
But a war time, has come on
Up guards and at 'em! is the cry,
What summons can be stronger?
Before these troops this Bear will
fly,
He'll think them dupes no longer.
Now a war time has come, &c.

A war time has come on, &c.
The blood by Poles and Hungar-
ians shed,
Fall heavy on the tyrant's head
Now a war time has come on.
The Sinope murder of the brave
What coward's shame glows
stronger.
So sadly hurled in watery grave
Lay unavenged no longer
Now a war time, &c.

A war time has come on, &c.
Tho' powerful the tyrant be,
We'll lash him well by land and sea.
Now a war time has come on
Napier his flag unfurls again,
What banner shall be stronger
For Britannia long has ruled the
main.
And means to rule it longer.
Now a war time, &c.

I SLEPT, AND OH, HOW SWEET THE DREAM.

By L. M. Thornton.

Music by Albert Daws. (Battle)

I slept. and oh, how sweet the
dream,
Methought I saw once more.
Each old familiar spot where I
Had rambled o'er and o'er.
When with my tiny hands I used,
To bunch the flowrets wild.
And carol forth my simple strain,
A happy, happy child.

Bright vision that which brings
again
A season forth with joy,
A summer's scene when winter
stern,
Ride onward to destroy,
Come sweet dream, come and with
thee bring
Again these flowrets wild,
The tearless eye, the rosy cheeks,
And all that spoke a child.

REGRET.

Written by J. Green.—Bath.

Oh, where is the eye never dimm'd by the tear,
Of regrert at the thought of the past,
Ah, where is the heart without sorrow and fear,
When a view retrospective is cast.

In vain would remembrance oft place in the breast,
Some flowers which we once cherish'd there,
When of roses we dream, in loveliness drest,
We forget not the thorns that they wear,

When we feel Time's inroads on life and on youth,
And old age coming stealthily on,
When through the heart's spell darts the lightning of truth,
What regret of the years that are gone.

Priceless opportunities—valneless now,
Of good, either to do or to gain
Bring blushes remember'd of shame to the brow,
Fill the breast with regret and with pain.

Oh, virtue, religion, time, friendship and health,
Oh, what trifles—what treasures ye seem,
When souls sink enchanted 'neath pleasure or wealth
Or awake to regret from their dream.

NOW TO THE FOREST.

Now to the forest we repair
Awhile like spirits wander there,
In darkness we secure our prey,
And vanish at the dawn of day.

OF ALL THE FAIR GUESTS FROM THE REGIONS ABOVE

The poetry by James Green.

Of all the fair guests from the regions above,
Who visit in fond mercy this—
O earth, thou hast none like the spirit of Love,
So bounteous of heavenly bliss.

Without her this earth as a desert would be,
Or den of fierce passions defil'd,
No star then had guided o'er life's troublous sea,
No steam had refresh'd in its wild.

When selfishness glares through the mask of the world,
In cold apathy and in scorn,
Then the smile of Heav'n on her banner unfurl'd,
Heals the bleeding heart that's forlorn.

Yes, love, in the cold dreary desert of life,
Will warm and illumine the heart,
The dove of blest peace midst the elements' strife,
The bow on the clouds as they part.

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

Published by D'Almaine & Co, 20, Soho Square.

How sweet at close of silent eve,
The harp's responsive sound,
How sweet the vows that never decay,
And deeds by virtue crowned.
How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
In some delightful grove,
But ah, more soft, more sweet to me
Is the voice of her I love.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.

Tune—The Miser's Man.

Here I am the sad picture of grief,
As any one here can plainly see:
It is truly, then, now my belief,
That no one thinks nothing of me,
I am flabbergasted to think of my fate,
Though I keep up my spirits while I can,
The boys come and pat my old pate
So I truly am an unfortunate man
Ri tol, &c.

My mishaps of life to you I will tell,
For 'tis shocking you all must own
My bad relations I wish to excel,
But they never won't let me alone
To take a glass with some parlour friends,
And enjoy a cigar there, if I can,
But my wife the brats after me sends
So I truly am an unfortunate man
Ri tol, &c.

DISMAL SAMMY they call me, by name,
I don't know the reason for why,
Though like a lamb, I am so very tame.
I often do wish I could lay down and die.
Thirteen brothers I have also then got,
All of them I endeavour to shun,
And my sisters are such an unruly lot,
That I truly am an unfortunate man,

I do not like their horrid queer ways
For their callings are all very low.
I wish they would all mend their ways,
And in this world more respectable go.
But to a dirty tap-room they all repair,
Likewise my young daughter Fan,
At a smoking club Poll takes the chair.
So I truly am an unfortunate man
Ri tol, &c.

My brother Bob goes shinning of cats
While another bawls out Hearthstones,
My sister Bet sells Lily white sprats,
And Peg goes out picking up bones
There's Jack is about on the cadge,
For to pick up the flats if he can:
While Dick wears the drover's badge;
So I am truly an unfortunate man
Ri tol, &c.

My sons all take pattern of them
In such nasty low vulgar way
My daughters too, wink at the men'
While my wife her tricks on me plays.
There's my sons with their fancy gals
(I do not at all like their plan)
There's our daughters with their flashy pals
So I truly am an unfortunate man
Ri tol, &c.

At night my wife's off to the play,
To a concert, ball, raffle, or rout,
But to her I dare not say nay.
If I do she'll kick me right out.
So I have got in a pretty fine mess,
I'm sure 'twill shorten life's span,
You all will agree with me and confess,
That I truly am an unfortunate man
Ri tol, &c.

Of my sorrows I could say more.
But I think it's getting too late,
My life has become quite a bore,
So I am fully resigned to my fate.
I hope there's none here like me,
For it is far better if you can,
From such troubles in life to be free!
For I truly am an unfortunate man.
Ri tol, &c.

WOULD YOU GAIN THE TENDER CREATURE.

Would you gain the tender creature
Mildly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part.
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing—
Lifeless charms without the heart

ANALYSATION.

What are mortals made of,
By analysation,
I've tried all the nation,
Defined each gradation,
And proved every station,
With Sir Humphrey's best
New chemical test,
And found what mortals are made of.

What are our dandies made of?
Of whiskers and snuff,
Of padding and puff,
A glass to the eye.
When a pretty girl's nigh,
Sham collar, sham calves, and hair.
Stays tight-laced, and head like a bear.
And such are our dandies made of,

What are fiddlers made of?
Of crotchets and quavers,
And great peoples favours,
Catgut to tease,
Horsehair to please,
Immut and rosin, airs and fine graces,
Flats and sharps, and lots of grimaces
And such are our fiddlers made of

What are our doctors made of?
A wig and a cane,
Must visit again,
Rhubard and manna,
Ipecacuanha,
Powders, draughts, lotions, pills,
Patient, pulses, and precious long bills,
And such are our doctors made of.

What are old bachelors made of?
Of bread and cheese,
And very weak knees,
Drivelling nose,
Rheumatics in toes,
Hoarded riches and landed estates,
Worn out smalls and a very bald pate,
And such are our bachelors made of.

What are our soldiers made of?
Scarlet and lace,
And a brazen face,
Pipe-clay and drill,
The foeman to kill,
Alehouse scores, trumpets and drums,
Oaths and scars, and bullets and bombs,
And such are our soldiers made of,

What are our sailors made of?
Of pitch and tar,
Pigtail and scar,
Powder and smoke,
And hearts of oak,
Lots of prize-money, and cash galore,
A fiddler, grog, and sweetheart on shore,
And such are our sailors made of,

What are young ladies made of
Of concerts and dances,
Sanctified glances,
Dresses and bonnets,
Ribbons and sonnets,
Boarding-school graces,
Flounces and laces,
And sweet pretty faces,
When kept in their places,
And such are young ladies made of,

What are actors made of?
Of masquerade speeches,
And other men breeches,
Ranting and railway,
Box, pit, and gallery,
Plenty of friends on a benefit night,
And lot of applause whene'er they act right,
And such are our actors made of.

HOIST HIGH THE FLAG AGAIN

Music by Purday, Holborn.

Hoist high the flag again,
The flag that never yields:
We'll wave it o'er the main,
O'er Europe's warrior fields,
We'll wave it o'er the main,
O'er Europe's warrior fields,
For Justice and for right.

Our heroes man the deck,
To punish pride they fight,
And wild ambition check.
Unfurl the flag again
The flag that never yields:
We'll wave it o'er the main,
O'er the main, We'll wave it o'er the main,
O'er Europe's warrior fields.

Shall despots madly hold
There barbarous hordes away,
And like the Goths of old,
With ruin pave their way,
And like the Goths of old,
With ruin pave their way.
Shall Europe bend the knee
Before the Northern Bear?

Must nations brave and free,
His serf-like livery wear?
Unfurl the flag again,
The flag that never yields.
We'll wave it o'er the main,
O'er the main, we'll wave it o'er the main
O'er Europe's warrior fields.
No vain is all his might
And impotent his pride.
For Britain leads the fight.
And Gallia's by her side,

And they shall drive the foe
Back to his icy lair,
They'll chase him to his realms of snow.
And leave him howling there.

Unfurl the flag again.
Brave France the glory share;
And home we'll chase the tyrant Czar,
Yes, home we'll chase the tyrant Czar,
And leave him howling there.

YOUNG ELLEN LORAINE.

When I parted from Erin, heart-broken to leave thee.
I dreamt not of falsehood young Ellen Loraine,
I thought tho' but woman thou would'st not deceive me,
Ah, why art thou faithless young Ellen Loraine?
I loved thee in sorrow, I sought thee in danger,
And dear was the peril, and sweet was the pain.
But now is thy look as the look of the stranger,
Ah, why art thou faithless, young Ellen Loraine

Oh, thou wert the vision that lightened my pillow,
The star of my darkness, young Ellen Loraine.
As the bloom to the rose, as the sun to the billow,
Thou came'st to my slumber, young Ellen Loraine.
Then think of me yet when the false world deceives thee,
And friends of gay fortune look cold on thy wane,
When the sheen of thy cheek, like the summer's night leaves thee.
Thou'll think how I loved thee young Ellen Loraine.

Oh, speak not to me—in those eyes I discover
The wrongs thou hast done me, young Ellen Loraine.
Go, rest in the arms of a happier lover—
Go, lovely, but faithless young Ellen Loraine.
The moments of rapture, the vow, and the token,
They thrill in my bosom and burn in my brain,
Go, false one and laugh at the heart thou hast broken,
Go—lovely, but faithless young Ellen Loraine.

GIVE ME, LOVE THAT BILLING KISS.

Give me, my love, that billing kiss
I taught you one delicious night.
When turning epicures in bliss,
We tri'd inventions of delight.

Come, gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move—
Ah, no,—again—that kiss was wrong,—
How can you be so dull, my love.

Cease, cease,—the blushing girl replied—
And in her milky arms she caught me—
How can you thus your pupil chide
You know 'twas in the dark you taught me.

TOAST.

May we never want bread to make a toast of.

LAND HO.

Music at the Musical Bouquet.

Up, up with the signal, the land is in sight,
We'll be happy, if never again, boys to-night,
The cold cheerless ocean in safety we've pass'd,
And the warm, genial earth glads our vision at last,
In the land of the stranger true hearts we shall find,
To soothe us in absence of those left behind—
Oh, land, land ho, all hearts glow with joy at the sight,
We'll be happy, if never again boys to night.
We'll be happy &c.

The signal is waving—till morn we'll remain,
Then part in the hopes to meet one day again
Round the hearth-stone of home in the land of our birth,
The holiest spot on the face of the earth,
Dear country, our thoughts are as constant to thee.
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea,
Oh, land, land ho, we hear it, we bound at the sight.
We'll be happy, if never again boys to-night.
We'll be happy, &c.

The signal is given—the foam sparkles rise,
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes,
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of care,
Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair,
And health, as chime gaily the nautical bells,
To woman—God bless her—wherever she dwells,
The pilot's on board, and thank heaven, all's right,
We'll be happy, if never again boys to night.
We'll be happy, &c.

ANSWER TO ANNIE LAURIE

ANNIE'S REPLY.

By L. M. THORNTON Esq.

Tune 'Annie Laurie.'

If all you've now been saying
Doth from the heart proceed,
Then upon those words relying,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
Your Annie's blest indeed,
And future years will prove,
That in wedding Annie Laurie,
You'll not repent your love.

Though small our destin'd portion,
If by my side you be,
I'll ask no greater blessing,
I have my all in thee.
I have my all in thee.
And shouldst thou trouble know,
Thou wilt have thy Annie Laurie
To share it with thee too.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

Hope told a flattering tale,
That joy would soon return:
Ah, nought my sighs avail,
For love is doomed to mourn.
Ah, where's that flatterer gone?
From me for ever flown:
The happy dream of life is o'er,
Life, alas, can charm no more.

TOAST.

May we never be in debt or in danger,

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THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.

AIR—"The Piccadilly Mermaid."

It was on the 21st of March, when Boras left off blustering,
And Satan for the morrow's sports, his flying Imps was mustering,
That the captain of the Flying Gull at o'er his grog a pondering,
Not thinking that its patent fumes might set his brains a wandering
Oh, the sights, the sights, so new and strange,
That mortals here are doom'd to meet
Within this world of change.
The captain on his Tom Cat gazed with a feeling of simplicity,
As from its dark black coat shot forth sparks of electricity;
Its back it reared—its tail it swelled with fearful pomposity
Appearing to the captain's eyes a wonderous monstosity.
Oh, she sights, &c.
The captain's head grew dizzy, for the cabin had a vapour in,
A very queer sulphurious smell that set his nerves a capering;
The thunder roll'd, the sea gulls screamed, a terrible commotion—
It seemed as if old nick himself had stirr'd up all the ocean.
Oh, the sights, &c.
His vessel too, had gained a speed that beat all modern reckoning,
When at the window there appeared a Mermaid at them beckoning;
For pity's sake she begg'd for help, and not in jest or revelry,
And so for pity they let her in, if not for love and chivalry,
Oh, the sights, &c.
Of course she fainted in his arms, and at that time so critical,
He saw a sight that with a fright might shake the world political;
For whilst just with a hasty glance the ocean he was viewing,
He saw a 'Monster of the Deep' that had been this Maid pursuing.
Oh, the sights, &c.
It was a snake of wond'rous size.
thought he was a miniture,
But it measured full a mile in length and double in diameter!
And as for speed the creature beat all other things quite hollow.
For it cut away at such a rate as if it was out of collar.
Oh, the sights, &c.
The captain in amazement stood to see a sight so ripping,
And quite forgot the tender hand that in his arms lay dripping;
Till at one moment she made a dive into the pearly ocean,
And then he found she'd left behind a very strong emotion.
Oh, the sights, &c,
Transfixed, he stood upon the spot until the day was dawning,
And then he took his pencil out, and made a faithful drawing:
Of all the serpents, size and form and what e'er else befel,
You'll find it in his log book marked on the first of April.
Oh, the sights, &c,

THE BACHELOR BEWITCHED

An Original Comic Song, written by Br. W. S. Cotterell,

And Sung at the London Concerts

(NOW FIRST PRINTED.)

AIR.—"The Nice Young Girl."

Oh! list to me kind gentlefolks
While I relate my tale,
And on my head don't crack your jokes,
But my poor fate bewail.
I was once a gay and jolly blade,
And didn't pass a sad life,
Till I floundered over a lady's maid,
For good to pass a bad life.
Tol lol, &c.

'Twas at a sixpenny hop one night,
Quite bobbish I did behold her,
Of her heavy sighs I didn't make light
As I, in my arms did hold her;
I whispered soft words in her ear,
Says I, "I won't deceive yer,"
Says she, oh! are you good-natured dear?
Says I, oh, I believe yer.
Tol lol, &c.

We married was, for a week or nigh
I thought I ne'er get through it,
With her desires I did comply,
'Cos other people do it;
In the morning, reason came, oh, lor
My hopes of joy they fled,
And visions of bids by two's & fours
Came tumbling in my head.
Tol lol, &c.

To tell the truth, when down she'd lie,
Her tongue was on the go,
I found her woice was rather high,
Her language rather low.
When angry words 'tween us did pass,
Sometimes with jokes I'd cross her
She'd fight, and call me 'stupid ass,'
So then I used to horse her.
Tol lol, &c.

She blacked my eyes and broke my nose,
To fly in vain I tried,
Look out, old bloke, she cried, here goes,
Then the Tom Cat at me shied.
For me, it didn't do the job,
Through the winder it did fly out,
And coming against a peeler's nob,
Nearly knocked the devil's eye out
Tol lol, &c.

I murder bawled—in the neighbours ran,
And the peeler's joined the fun,
But the neighbours with a warming-pan—
She floor'd 'em one by one.
A peeler cried, your precious row,
On the cheap, dear marm, I'll hinder,
But she knocked him down, then picked him up,
And pitch'd him out of winder,
Tol lol, &c.

But taken up against her will,
The magistrate so clever,
Gave her a birth at Bristol Mill,
Where I hope she'll stop for ever.
So gents if a wife you're goin' to get,
In case her temper is vile,
Before a half of you're bed you let,
Have her a whole week on trial.
Tol lol, &c,

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

New Song, by Henry Valentine.

TUNE.—"The days when we went Gipseying."

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'Tis Christmas night! It warms the heart
With joy and rapture high.
Unto the murmurs of the wind,
Our chorus shall reply,
The heavenly stars are watching us
Like eyes of beauteous hue,
(Oh, spare them, death, their vivid light,
Nor close love's orbs from view.
Too late we met, too soon we part,
But memory shall pourtray
The rapture of each joyous heart
Upon this Christmas Day.

What though we see the bonny mo
Her Sapphire throne resign,
And lay concealed in Chaos dark,
As in a marble shrine,
Though icy are Pomona's looks,
Our board with plenty teems,
And from a flowing source descend
Rich Bacchanalian streams.
Too late we met, &c.

The midnight chime — the frosty rhime,
Is welcome to us still;
We drink unto our best friends all,
And those who wish us ill:
This is a great and glorious day,
Let care from hence be driven,
And let the grateful loud huzza,
Ascend to bounteous Heaven
Too late we met, &c.

Oh, God, bless every friend afar
Not present at our feast,
May brighter hours come o'er us a
The greatest and the least.
And often may our Christmas nights
Such happiness impart
Peace and plenty, joy and love,
And cheerful mind and heart.
Too late we met, &c.

OH, BID ME NOT FORGET THEE.

written by Br. W S. Cotterell.

AIR "The Light of other Days."

Oh, bid me not forget thee,
Sweet maid beyond compare,
Since the hour I first met thee,
Thou fairest of the fair;
My heart hath known love's power
And will ever changeless be.
Like the sunshine to the flower,
Hath been thy smile to me.
Tho' my hopes may clouded seem love,
I'll love thee still the more,
And still I'll fondly dream, love,
Of happier days in store
In vain I'd try to flee, love,
No joy my heart beguiles;
My life belongs to thee, love,
I live but by thy smiles.

OLD MAN YOU'LL BURST YOUR BOILER.

THERE is something new starts every day,
You never can be undone,
All through the country every day,
Particularly so in London.
Natures tongue goes brisk along,
Though many strive to spoil her;
It's funny now to hear folks bawl,
Old man you'll burst your boiler.

[CHORUS.]

If I had a wife who was fond of strife,
I would not wish to spoil her,
But make her holloo day and night,
Old man you'll bust your boiler.

The Q—to A—said one day,
Do wrong indeed we munna,
We will take a trip to Germany,
To pass away the summer.
And leave Britannnia while we're gone.
I hope they will not spoil her,
And day and night tax her so tight,
And make her burst her boiler.

As old John Bull walked out one day,
So buxom and so mellow;
I heard some certain people say,
He was a stupid fellow,
He did his vessel so neglect,
That some would try to spoil her:
Then they hollowed at the poor old chap,
Old man you'll burst your boiler.

I went to quod with little Bob,
And danced the mill so cosey;
And when I got my liberty,
I met a chap called Nosey.
He said the Q—was very kind,
But many strove to spoil her;
Then he gave me such a kick behind,
And hollooed burst your boiler.

Now I'll go home so help my bob.
Since I'm completely undone;
I will tell my mother I've been to quod,
And all the rigs of London.
And if my wife will not do right,
I will take a stick and oil her,
First tie her up behind the door,
And then I'll burst her boiler.

I'LL NOT BEGUILE THEE FROM THY HOME.

I'LL not beguile thee from thy home
For me thou shalt not friends resign,
Or exil'd from thy kindred roam.
In poverty and grief and pinn,
Oh, no, no, no,
Too dearly do I love thee.

Though loosing thee I bid farewell,
To every hope and every joy,
Think not I wish thee here to dwell
If 'twould thy happiness destroy,
Oh, no, no, no,
Too dearly do I love thee.

THE VITE MOON IS UP.

OH! The vite moon is up,
O'er the City-road fountain,
The hour is at hand,
When I promised to roam,
Vith the cat's meat man's darter,
By the canal's dirty water,
And tell her how truly her knacker can love.
I knows there Joe Miller,
An out and out killer,
Would fain vin a squint,
From her gravy red eye.
But my own Sarah Sassage
The pride of Snook's passage,
Keeps all the rich licks
And fine tit bits for me.

It's not long since we both trod the pavement together,
Two saucy young varmints as ever drank beer.
When I called her my own Sal.
My out and out flash gal,
And lord how we hooked it,
When a peeler vas near.
And still she's a blossom,
I'd vear near my bussum,
A blossom I'd stick to,
Till I'm scragged do you see,
For my own Sarah Sassage,
The pride of Snooks passage
Is an out and out brick,
And a rum'un to me.

A HINT TO LOVERS.

WHILE you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure ruin lies in all you say,
To bring your toying,
Up to enjoying,
Call first the priest, then name the day.

Lasses are willing,
As lads for billing,
When marriage vows' are kindly press'd;
Let Holy Father,
Tie us together,
Then kill your fill, and bill your best.

There are many devils that walk this world
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout,
Devils that go with their tails uncurled,
Devils with horns, and devils without
Serious devils, laughing devils,
Devils black and devils white,
Devils for churches, devils for revels,
Devils uncouth, and devils polite.
Devils with feathers and devils with scales
Devils with blue and warty skin—
Devils with claws like iron nails,
Devils with fishes gills and fins,
Devils foolish, devils wise,
Devils great and devils small—
But a laughing woman with two bright eyes
Is the worriest devil of all.

WHY SO SAD?

An Original song by R. H. L.

AIR.—*Kathleen Macree.*

WHY sit here in sober sadness,
Melancholy begets madness?
While the storm it pelts without
Oh, let us keep blue devils out!
Wine we'll drink and sing and quaff
All night my boys let's joke and laugh
And if the morn should steal upon us
Merry-making let it find us.

CHORUS

Then come my lads come join with me,
Your glasses fill, and merry be.

Again our glasses let's replenish
With Barclay's best, or better Rhenish
With anything this side of folly
'Ere the cup o' melancholy;
That bitter cup of deadly gloom
Which wraps man in a living tomb:
Shake, shake it off then one and all
And join me in a carnival.
Then come my lads, &c.

Arouse thee lads, let our delight
In good cheer, be spent to night;
And by the sound our orgies spread
Prove to mirth we are not dead.
Hence, away with the demon care,
He shall not on this night ensnare,
Sing and shout—join the revel,
"Dull care hence unto the devil!"
Then come my lads, &c.

THE BEGGAR.

A Beggar I am, and of low degree,
For I'm come of a begging family:
I'm lame, but when in a fighting boat,
I whip off my leg, and fight it out.
In running I leave the beadle behind,
And a lass I can see, tho' alas! I'm blind;
Thro' town and village I gaily jog,
My music, the bell of my little dog.

(CHORUS.)

I'm cloth'd in rags,
I'm hung with bags,
That round me wags;
I've a bag for salt,
A bag for malt,
A bag for the leg of a goose,
For my oats a bag,
For my groats a bag,
And a bottle to hold my boose.
It's now heav'n bless you for your charity,
And then push the can about, fol de rol de ree.

In begging a farthing, I'm poor and old,
In spending a noble I'm stout and bold;
When a brave full company I see.
It's my noble masters your charity.
But when a traveller I meet alone,
Stand and deliver, or I'll knock you down!
All day for a wandering mumpor I pass,
All night—oh! a barn and a buxom lass.
I'm cloath'd in rags, &c.

HAIL SWEET HOPE.

LET every bard attune his lyre,
Oh, lovely hope, to thee;
For thou dost oft the soul inspire
Of wretched misery.

When those we love are wand'ring far,
And fear some ill portrays,
Kind hope, our friendly guiding star,
The rending thought allays.

Then hail, sweet hope, to thee I bend
The hero and the lover's friend;
Whilst cheered by thee, the captive lives,
And bears the pangs that sorrows gives.
Hail, sweet hope

IN A COURT NEAR THE CITY.

In a court of famed London city does dwell,
A rummy old covey, a broken down swell;
Tho' once dress'd so fine, now shabby he goes,
Because he gets lushy and pawns all his clothes:
His shirt is so black, with a dirty cravat,
And he wears on his head, a shocking bad hat;
With carrotty hair, and eyes such a pair,
He's a very good figure to frighten the crows.

In a court, &c.

If ever by chance, this old covey you meet,
He'll try all he can to make you stand treat;
And if to treat him, perhaps you refuse,
Ten chances to one, but he will you abuse;
So pr'ythee take care of this old chap beware,
With gogle eyes and carrotty hair,
He's pretty well known, where ever he goes,
By a jolly red pimple on the top of his nose,

In a court, &c.

IF TO LOVE.

If to love is to be blest,
Ah, how blest are you and
Mutual passion, mutual rest
Are the objects of each sigh;
Not a cloud across us moves,
Even fortune dares not frown,
On a shed where spotless loves,
Shield affection's peaceful throne.

Small the pittance we possess,
Large the comfort we enjoy,
Heav'n alone can make that less,
Which tho' much will never cloy,
Pride and grandeur if you can,
Boast of joys exceeding these,
Mutual bliss is all our plan,
And our maxim is to please.

WHERE IS THAT ROVER.

A Parody written by S. R. Moore.

Where, oh! where is that Rover,
Where is that animal gone,
He hook'd it near the fountain;
I've sought him o'er the lawn,
I miss'd him in a minute,
While William spoke to me,
Oh, where is that Rover,
Where can poor Rover be.

Still, still, I miss him,
How could I let him roam,
Oh crikey! shan't I catch it—
From missus when I get home,
I've sought him thro' the alleys green
His tail I cannot see,
Oh, where is that Rover,
Oh, where can poor Rover be.

I HAD A TANNER.

A Parody written by T. S. Hawkes.

I had a tanner, once on the shelf
'twas laying,
I took it off with silence, and with fear
'Twas right good tin of my old woman's earning,
And left to buy some grubbery and beer,
In an evil hour I went to play at skittles,
A game I'd play'd at many times before;
I lost my tin, my hopes of beer and wittles,
And smiling sadly, vowed I'd play no more.

Next night, a bob on the shelf was laying
Which my old gal forgot to put away
It look'd so bright, methought I heard it saying—
"Old Cove come let us now at skittles play,"
Vainly I strove alas! to get a floorer,
My hand unsteady, made the ball go queer,
I miss'd each time, and chaff'd by every scorer
In anger hooked it, minus bob and beer,

COME OLD TIME.

Come old time and use thy sickle,
Life's weight I cannot bear;
Cares are constant, fortune fickle,
And our joys but trifles are.

Friends are shadows that deceive us,
In our wants they disappear,
The world's too base for Heav'n
give us
Any real blessings here.

MY DAD WAS A SOLDIER.

Written by E. Stobie,

AIR—'*The Block.*'

MY Dad was a soldier once fam'd in the wars,
For his country and King he has bled;
His body once fair is now cover'd with scars,
From his toes to the crown of his head.
Yet still his old blood colours high in his face,
When he tells of the battles he's seen.
And he shoulders his stick with the freedom and grace—
Of a soldier whose fought for his King.
And he shoulders his stick, &c.

When the cold winter winds blew dismally past,
Our cottage that stood on the moor.
And the old forest trees groan'd loud in the blast,
He would liken the scene to a war.
A soldiers true courage he'd liken to trees,
That ne'er shrink from the rifles sharp ring,
Then he'd shoulder his stick with the freedom and ease,
Of a soldier who'd fought for his King,
Then he'd shoulder his stick, &c.

He bids us make ready, for soon he must halt,
In his march thro' lifes broils and alarms,
And he says in his actions he'll ne'er be at fault,
Till the words given out to ground arms.
And when his old body is taking its rest,
And his soul to its maker taken wing,
I'll shoulder his stick and thro' life do my best,
Like a soldier who'd fought for his King
I'll shoulder his stick, &c.

THE LEGACY

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
Oh! bear my heart to my mistress dear,
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
O bear my harp to your ancient hall,
Hang it up at, that friendly door.
Where weary travellers love to call,
And should some bard that roams forsaken,
Revive its soft notes when passing along,
O! let one thought of its master waken,
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Take this cup that is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revels when I'm at rest,
Never, O! never, its balm bestowing,
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But should some warm devoted lover,
To her he loves once bathe its brim,
O then my spirit around shall hover,
And hollow each drop that foams for him.

A BUMPER OF SPARKLING WINE.

O MY heart is delighted to see,
All the frends I love best round my fire;
For good fellowship's all things to me;
And there's nothing on earth I desire
But a bumper of sparkling wine.

It is true, that our joys are but brief,
But sad faces will not 'make them long;
And the right way to shorten our grief
Is to lengthen our joys with a song
And a bumper of sparkling wine.

It is thus our enjoyment extends,
And the cares of the world we beguile,
When we see the bright eyes of our friends
To the toast of the fair beam smile.
O'er a bumper of sparkling wine.

THE PLEASURES OF SAMARKAND.

'TWAS in the gay circle of Samarkand's flow'rs,
Encompass'd by night I sat down in the bow'rs;
When being alone, what shou'd rise in my mind,
But love, which I thought I had planted behind,
The sky shot a lustre, enamell'd each field.
And natur 's fair vassals their offerings yeild.

Yet charm'd with creation but far above all.
A sweet lovely girl my affections enthral;
I thought I saw beauty with grace for her guide,
She stood—I beheld—with celestial pride;
For she stole to my heart with an ecstatic grace,
That I thought I saw beauty and love in her face.

Such Hesperian blossoms Parnassus ne'er crown'd;
I flew to embrace her, but fell to the ground,
For what was my pain, instead of my love.
I embrac'd a bough twin'd with thorns of the grove;
She stole from my heart with a passionate grace,
And engrav'd the transaction all over my face.

But tho' the fair nymph my affections assailed,
The impression remains tho' the passion has failed;
Yet why shou'd I grieve when above I may find,
The image of him who paints love to the mind:
I may look for the charm with a far better grace,
As Venus and Hebe there form but one face.

Bright image of nature thy charms I admire,
While ev'ry prospect my passion inspires
With love for my guide, and with pleasure I stray,
Into Samarkand's vallies e'er verdant and gay;
Then I pass from that spot so enlighten'd with grace,
And heed those fair scenes drawn o'er nature's kind face

THE TAVERN.

A Capital Parody on 'The Woodpecker,' by W. F. Mc'Brain,

I KNOW by the post that so gaily displayed—
The sign of a fox that a tavern was near;
And I said if a cask of good ale was e'er made.
The man that was thirsty might wish for it,
It was noon, and in mud puddles scattered here.
In silence reposed the voluptuous hog around.
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the Inn-keeper flogging a mischievous dog.

Aud here in this little love spot, I exclaimed,
With a pipe in my mouth, and a drop in my eye;
With a cask of good liquor, old rye coffee named,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I lie,
By the side of yon oak, where an old toper sits.
His glass of gin toddy, how sweet to recline,
And to know that the liquor I raised to my lips,
Have never been tasted by any but mine.

FANNY THE FAIR.

AIR.—*Robin Adair.*

WHILE larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare,
Gay the sun's golden eye,
Peep'd o'er the mountains high,
Such thy morn, did I cry.
Fanny the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad I did share,
While you wild flowers among,
Chance led me there;
Sweet to the opening day,
Rose buds bent the dewy sway
Such thy bloom, did I say,
Fanny the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk,
Caught in a snare;
So kind may fortune be,
Such such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Fanny the fair.

THE SPRIG OF SHELLELAGH

Och love is the soul of a nate Irish man
He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green;
His heart is good-humoured—'tis honest and sound,
No malice or hatred is there to be found,
He courts and he marries he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green;
His clothes spick and span new without ever a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his neck;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half a crown,
He meets with a friends, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green,
He meet with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, "Get you gone, Pat," yet consents all the while,
To the priest then they go—and, nine months after that,
A fine baby cries out, "How d'ye do, father Pat
With your sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green;

Additional Verse.

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grows the shellelah and shamrock so green,
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foe who dares plant on our confines a cannon;
United & happy, at loyalty's shrine
May the rose, leek, and thistle, long flourish and twine
Round a sprig of shillelah & shamrock so green.

KING OF A GIPSY BAND

Written by C. H. Edmonds.

AIR—'*King of the Forest Glade*'.

OH I am king of a gipsy band,
That roameth far and near,
Where the summer breeze whispers thro' the trees,
And free is the bounding deer.
At my will I roam, far or near from home,
Happy, careless, and free,
No cares have I to make me sigh,
For I'm free as the air can be,
And when I come back no cheer I lack,
As king of a gipsy band.
Oh I am king, I'm king, &c.

There's not a sight on a moonlight night,
More sweet than an old village spire:
When on it plays the moons bright rays,
And the windows gleam with a silver fire.
And I love to hear in the copse that's near,
The nightingale's song to the night,
Or see in the shade that a tree has made,
The glow-worms flickering light;
For then I think as my ale I drink,
That I'm king of a gipsy band.
Oh I am king, I'm king, &c.

Oh, the poet shall sing of the gipsy king,
That maketh his home in the wood
And how happy is he in the green-wood free,
Where for ages the trees have stood
For the wood is my home, with our maids I roam,
Beneath its wide spreading trees.
And how happy am I, when the day's gone by,
To feel on my brow the evening breeze,
Then in the wood—the wild green wood,
I'll be king of a gipsy band.
I'll be king, &c.

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In midst of all those dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms,
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide;
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thought of thee my bosom cheers;
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove,
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love,

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind
Dispel the gloom and still the wind
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long lost native shore,
No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve,
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

A HUNTING SONG.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame, rouse your sences, and ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join,
Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies
While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,
Both willing and joyous repair
To pastime in life greater happiness yields,
Then chasing the fox or the hare,
For such comforts, my friend, on the sportman attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found,
And when it is o'er, as brisk as before
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

THE COTTAGE IN THE VALE

A SIMPLE swain of rustic mould.
Ambition's lure I flee;
The palace deck'd with gems and gold
Presents no charms for me;
O, let me seek contentment's bower,
Where woodbines scent the gale,
And laughing health glad ev'ry hour
The cottage in the vale.

The dearest girl my heart loves best,
Whose hand will soon be mine.
Lives near this spot; thus doubly blest
For splendour should I pine?
No, no, her steps again I'll trace,
To tell the tender tale,
For soon she'll with her presence grace
The cottage in the vale.

OH! THOU WERT BORN TO PLEASE ME.

OH! thou wert born to please me,
My life, my only love,
Thro' all the world I'll praise thee,
My shepherd of the grove.

Thus happy, never jealous,
Dear idol of my heart,
Can any harm assail us,
My life, my only love!

Feel how my heart is beating,
My rural queen of love,
My pulse of life retreating,
Our bliss shall constant prove,

Thus love sweet poison drinking
Dear idol of my heart,
While on thy bosom sinking
My life, my only love.

JACK MIZEN.

FIERCE the bloody battle raging,
Ocean's waves in silence sleep,
Ship to ship were firm engaging,
O'er the bosom of the deep:
When a ball by death directed,
Struck Jack Mizen to the ground
Jack, by all his crew directed,
Saw his shipmates crowd around,

O'er him many a tear was falling,
While poor Jack essay'd to speak,
Gently then a messmate calling,
Bade him his dear Mary seek.
Tell her that I died with honour,
Fighting on my country's side,
Heaven bestow thy blessing on her,
"My children, too,"—he said and died.

THE LARK.

Still the lark finds repose
In the full waving corn,
And the bee on the rose,
Tho' surrounded with thorn.

Never robb'd of their ease,
They are thoughtless and free;
But no more gentle peace
Shall e'er harbour with me.

Still in search of delight,
Every pleasure they prove,
Ne'er tormented by pride,
Or the slights of fond love.

MOLLY MALONE.

By the big hill of Howth,
That's a bit of an oath,
That to swear by I'm loath
To the heart of a stone.
But be poison my drink,
If I sleep, snore, or wink,
Once forgetting to think,
Of your lying alone.
Och! it's how I'm in love,
Like a beautiful dove,
That sits cooing above
In the boughs of a tree,
It's myself I'll soon smother,
In something or other,
Unless I can bother,
Your heart to love me,
Sweet Molly, Sweet Molly Malone,
Sweet Molly, Sweet Molly Malone.

I can see if you smile,
Though I'm off half a mile,
For my eyes all the while
Keep along with my head;
And my head, you must know,
When from Molly I go,
Takes his leave with a bow,
And remains in its stead.
Och! it's how, &c.

Like a bird I could sing
In the month of spring,
But it's now no such thing,
I'm quite bothered and dead.
Och! I'll roar and I'll groan,
My sweet Molly Malone,
Till I'm bone of your bone,
And asleep in your bed
Och! it's how, &c.

GLEE.

Hail to Bacchus' rosy powers,
Pleasure shall this night be ours:
The god's our prisoner and in vain,
He may seek to burst his chain,
This night he's ours, and e'er shall be
In pleasure, mirth, and harmony!

I MOURN IN SILENT ANGUISH.

I mourn in silent anguish,
In thy bower dear to me,
Where the flowers weeping languish
With dew drop tears for thee.
Where hope once beam'd around us,
But hope with thee is dead;
When fancy's spell had bound us,
Ere its spell had broke and fled.

Still my heart with fond emotion
To thy sacred haunts incline,
As the pilgrim with emotion
Still lingers at the shrine,
And though thy form be fading,
'Neath the earth's clay cold embrace
Thy spirit pure pervading,
Still hovers in its place.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

Hark! 'tis the signal gun,
We to the contest fly;
The battle, the battle must be won,
Or we must bravely die.
Wield high the glittering blade,
And aim the deadly gun;
Thousands must in death be laid,
Ere the battle's won.
Hark, &c

Hark, 'tis the trumpets bray,
The enemy has fled;
Thousands on the field now lay,
The dying and the dead.
Mourn, mourn, ye maidens all,
And tears of pity shed:
Mourn the fate of them that fall,
And for their country bled.
Hark, &c

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP D'YE SEE.

Our country is our ship d'ye see,
A gallant vessel too,
And of is fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew;
Each man whate'er his station be,
When duty's call commands
Should take his stand,
And lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.

Among ourselves in peace, tis true,
We quarrel, make a route,
And have nothing else to do.
We fairly scold it out:
But once the enemy's in view;
Shake hands we soon be friends,
On the deck,
Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

CATCH.

Would you be a man of fashion,
Would you lead a life divine;
Take a little dram of fashion
In a hurty dose of wine

NOISY NEIGHBOURS.

AT Cork there lived a brazier,
Who in making pans and kettles,
His workmen would amaze you,
They were such noisy devils,
The brazier's scolding deary,
Opposed the sounding hammer
With tongue that waged contrary,
With everlasting clamour,
There was grumbling and chattering
Hammering and battering,
Tinkering and clattering, polishing and planishing,
Reddels, greddels, spits, and kettles
Coversifor plates and Romford grates
Soldering cauldrons lamps and lanterns,
Ladles, racks, and roasting jacks,
Old Vulcan forging direful arms,
Ne'er spread such thundering alarms

Their brats were ever squalling,
And outraged all confounders,
In the street was constant bawling,
Of women selling 'flounders,'
A lodger in the attic,
Instructed little drummers;
Outside was Sergeant Tactic,
Exercising gunners!
There was firing guns and beating drums,
Squalling, bawling, grumling and chattering, &c.

Next door a spruce old maiden,
Kept fifty spanking mousers,
Who all the day were raging,
At puppies and big towsers,
The cats, when tired of fighting,
All scampered to the pantiles,
Their caterwauling might then,
Have frightened Jews and Gentiles
(Imitating cats spitting and fighting.)
With growling and swearing
scratching and tearing,
firing guns, and beating drums,
Squalling, bawling, grumbling and
chattering, &c.

THE JOVIAL PHILOSOPHER.

BE content in your station my friend,
The maxim is probatum est;
Life's short from beginning to end
Then let us pass thro' it with zest.
No monarch surrounded by fame,
Can taste no more pleasure than you;
His passions and feelings the same,
Desires and wishes as few.

The cobler who hugs his brown lass,
Feels emotions of love full as strong
As those of a much higher class,
And glorious he won her by song.

For the loss of a nail tinker's rage,
As much as for realms a great king
With clamours our ears both engage,
And much the same peal they both ring.

On my word, my good friend we're a crowd,
Variegated among great and small,
We take it by turns to be proud,
And likewise by turns rise and fall.

Like actors we strut for an hour,
In all the grand sav'ry of state;
Next day abdicated from power,
With pages o'er porter the'll prate,

Then from an enlivening bowl,
While your reason holds good never flinch;
For life 's but a span my brave soul,
Then faith we'll enjoy ev'ry inch.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they boundeth before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over,
That combat for freedom once more,

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in man nor in heaven.
To let tyranny bind it again.

But 'tis past—and though blazoned in story,
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory,
Which treads over the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumin'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen,
On Libertys ruins to fame.

THE ARETHUSA.

Come all you jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
Her men are staunch
To their favourite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in shew so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Bell Poole straight a-head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack;
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not a handful of men how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, ho!
The Frenchmen they cried out, hallo!
Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee.
No, no, says the Frenchmen, that cant be;
Then I must lug you along with me,
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand,
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass,
To his favourite lass!
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa.

I WANT TIN.

Original, by C. H. Edmonds.

Air,—'Happy Land.

I want Tin, I want Tin,
Which I cannot do without,
I want Tin, I want Tin,
Without it, I can ne'er go out;
No, to Sal I must stand treat,
A quartern or so of gin, now,
So, my gal I cannot meet,
Because I have no Tin, now
Then I want tin, &c.

I want Tin, I want Tin,
Without it I don't knew what to do
I want Tin, I want Tin,
In my pocket there's not a sous;
The night is fine, and yet 'tis plain,
That I must stay in, now.
I can't go out to-day again,
Because I have no Tin, now.
Then I want Tin, &c.

WHO CALLS?—WHO CALLS?

Who calls?—who calls?
Who wisdom calls by Momus' name
Who needs a sample of my quality
Momus and wisdom are the same,
Wisdom's god's the god of jollity.
Let the dark sage who low'rs and scowls,
And broods o'er melancholy,
Seek creeping snakes & hooting owls,
And call all pleasure folly:
If this be truth, tryth speaks in lies,
This axiom nought can vary—
If to be merry's to be wise,
To be wise is to be merry.
Who calls, &c.

Be mortals' motives what they may,
Pow'r love, ambition, treasure,
In spite of all wise fools can say,
The end propos'd is pleasure.
That truth which contradicts me, lies;
This axiom nought can vary—
If to be merry's to be wise,
To be wise is to be merry.
Who calls, &c.

See laughter at my beck appears,
And holds up men and manners;
Haste joy's recruits, whim's volunteers,
List under Momus' banners:
I folly dress in wisdoms guise,
Nor can my maxims vary—
If to be merry's to be wise.
To be wise is to be merry.
Who calls, &c.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF GOOD ST. ANTHONY.

SAINT Anthony sat on a lowly stool,
A large black book he held in his hand
Never his eyes from its page he took,
With steadfast soul the page he scann'd,
The devil was in the best humour that day,
That ever his highness was known to be in;
That's why he sent out his imps to play
With sulpher and tar, and pitch and rosin;
They came to the saint in a motley crew,
Twisted and tworled themselves about,
Imps of every shape and hue.
A devilish strange and rum-looking rout!
But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
So firmly fixed upon his book,
Shouts nor laughter sighs nor cries,
Could ever win away his look.

A quiet imp sat in an earthen pot.
In an earthen big bellied pot sat he;
Through holes at the sides his arms out-shot
Rather a comical sight to see
He drumm'd on his belly so fair and round,
And drumm'd his belly so round and fail,
Brought forth a rumbling, mingled sound,
Rather a comical sound to hear,
And he hopp'd and hawk'd and wink'd and grinn'd,
As birth to a bit of a song gave he—
Keeping time with the tune as he gallopped along,
Till his eyes fairly stood out with glee.
But the good, &c.

Another imp came with a trumpet shout,
That was both nose and mouth in one;
And he twang'd his usual melodies out.
In men a quiver, shake, and run;
And his head moved backwards and forwards still,
Upon his long and snaky neck—
He sneezed his octaves out, until
You'd think his nose was ready to break
And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
And squeak'd and piped his music in—
The shock ran through the good saint's frame,
He shook and shivered with the dim
But the good, &c.

An imp came then like a skeleton form,
Just come out of a carnel vault—
His jaws with gristle were black and deform,
But his teeth were as white as salt,
He grinn'd full many a lifeless grin,
And wagg'd and rattled his bony tail—
His skull was deck'd with gill and fin.
And his eyes were like the eyes of a snail [back.
He took his stand at the good saint's
On tiptoe rum he stood a space,
And cocked down his India rubber eyes,
To squint and gaze upon his face—
But the good, &c.

Spiders with an ugly guise,
Hang from everk creak and nook,
Stared at thesaint with their eight eyes,
Danced a hornpipe on his book,
Beetles and slow worms crawled about
Forty feet, a full span long—
Through holes in the wainscot mice poped out, [throng.
And danced in an out in an endless
A sly old rat, with whisker'd snout,
A toad on his head did squat de mure [travagent rout,
There never was seen such an ex-
From that to the present time, I'm sure,
But the good, &c.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
With horney eyes, just like the dead
While fishbones grew instead of hair,
Upon his bald and skinless head,
Last came an imp—how unlike the rest—
A lovely looking female form,
And whilst with a kiss his cheek she press'd
Her lips felt downy soft and warm,
As over his shoulders she bent, the light
Of her brilliant eyes upon his page,
Soon filed his soul with wild delight,
And the good old chap forgot his age, [klen his eyes.
Hey! the good Saint Anthony beg-
So quickly o'r his old black book,
Ho! hot at the corners they 'gan to rise,
And he couldn'd choose but have a look

A DO, MY LOVE.

Original, by T. P. Durrant.

AIR.—Adieu, my love,

A do, my love, a do,—you know the Tweed,
That for twelve bob, in Levy's shop was marked,
And how I looked ven that ere vun I seed,
First at the Tweed, then at the man vot barked,
He asked me in, then on it made me try,
He then admired the cut and swore 'twas new,
And by his art prevailed on me to buy
That Tweed, it was a do, my love, a do,
A do. in holes it is,
It was a do, a do, my love, a do.

Again I a do, my love, a do, a do,
Oh, how can people dare to act so vile,
You must remember love. how often you
Yes, you, have spoke to me about my tile,
No longer wanting thy sly hints to hear,
For your complaints I own were very true,
For a new one I two-and-nine did give;—not dear;
But it turned out to be a do, a do,
Yes a do, a do, no brim is there,
It was a do, a do, my love, a do,

A do, my love, a do is always being—
Practised in some manner upon me
I cannot trust my eyes, but by their seeing,
I find that I am done, how oft I be
The wretched buyer of some vile corn plaster.
Or bunion ointment, for which I dearly rue,
For what I buy makes them all grow the faster,
And if I buy a Moke, or Fly, it's all a do,
A do, I find all things but you,
To be a do, a do, my love, a do.

THE COWSLIP.

Of all the pretty flowers,
A cowslips my delight,
With that I'd pass my hours,
Both morning, noon, and night.
To be sure I would, &c.

This cowslip smell'd so sweetly,
And look'd so fresh and gay,
Says I, you're dress'd so neatly,
We'll have a little play.
To be sure we will, &c.

One evening in the dairy,
'Twas lying on the shelf,
I kiss'd the pretty fairy,
And then lay down myself.
To be sure I did, &c

This flower one morning early,
Upon a bed did rest;
I lov'd to pull it dearly,
And stick it in my breast.
To be sure I could, &c.

THE OLD YEAR.

Written by C. H. Edwards,

Tune—The Polka.

The old year has gone, and the new one has come,
A pleasure to many a sorrow to some,
But leave that alone—I'll drink without fear,
Success to us all and a happy new year.

Many are glad that the old year has past,
Hoping this may be happier far than the last.
Let me hope that it may, and with it bring cheer;
To gladden their hearts in this happy new year.

The old year has gone and with it its cares,
Its joys and its sorrows, its hopes and its fears,
Therefore, say what you will I'll write without fear,
Success to us all and a happy new year. The old year, &c.

AMERICVN INDIAN WAR SONG.

Arise! my sons prepare for war,
The spirit calls us hence, afar!
By moon-eyed night, or sunny day,
Thro' marsh and forest speed your way.
Nor heat, nor cold, nor hunger fear,
The Indian ev'ry pain can bear;
When strangers of the morning shore,
Forget the oaths their fathers swore.

Arise, arise, prepare, 'tis day,
The spirit calls us hence away:
With printless foot the foe surprize,
Or close in death his sleeping eyes;
With wily war and patient toil,
We'll feast us on revenge and spoil.

A MAN OF TEN THOUSAND.

SHOW me a lawyer refusing a good fee;
Or pious dean not thinking of a bishop's see,
A doctor, who wo'n't squeeze sick ladies by the hand,
'Potticary whom his scrawl can well understand,
Dancing-master object to dancing off with miss.
A methodist-preacher not in a corner kiss,
Young ensign, not proud of his flashy large cockade,
Or true British tar who of Frenchmen is afraid,
Parliament elector who never sold his vote,
Parliament orator who will not turn his coat,—
And that is a man of ten thousand.
Tol lol de rol.

Show me a right honourable keeping to his word,
Or a poor poet patronized by a lord,
An impudent sharper clothed all in rags,
Or modest genius counting o'er his money-bags,
A churchwarden who scorns to feast upon the poor,
Fat alderman, who cannot calipash endure,
A groom too honest to rob horses of their corn,
Wise cuckold, who blushes to wear a gilded horn,
Sportsmen mind galloping over corn or stubble,
Or secretary of state take nothing for his trouble,
And that is a man of ten thousand.
Tol lol de rol.

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

A WILLOW it wept o'er a purling stream,
And there lay a lady fair,
Her eyes were closed and disturbed her dream.
She sighed and she mu mured beware;
A little bird perched on a willow and sung,
And, singing, he seemed to say,

Once over her head a fair garland hung,
But its blighted and withered away
Honour lies sleeping,
True love lies weeping
And the cold wind has faded the flowers of May.

The wind through the willow-leaves murmured a sigh,
Arose up that lady fair,
Ah! once, she cried, who so happy as I,—
But of love and man beware,
No little bird now, but that lady sung,
Alack! and a-well-a-day,
He vowed, and I trusted his flattering tongue;—
Love was blighted, and withered away!
Honour lies sleeping &c

NIGGAR TAKE WARNING.

A Parody on 'Kathleen Mavourneen written by H. V. Hooker.

Sung by the Ethiopian Minstrels 1846.

COME Niggar take warnin' I must draw you horn in,
De squeaks of my grunters cries out for dere 'swell'
I put you 'pon treadmill you breeches for pawnin,
And dancin' all night wid you gal 'pon de hill,
Undo you ole shirt and I will you well leather,
You stole off last night wid my tamarind tart,
Do'e you've sold you old hat, you can't get drunk for eber.
Perduce you black back and my whip make you smart,

Wart! tink you I bear dis for eber an neber?
You cock up you fingers tell me 'take a sight!'
De head of my watch dog you sweetheart did sebe,
When you come home blind drunk at 'all hours' toder night.
Take warnin' take warnin', (no use you tears fallin'),
From fat Clarrymelia you eber shall part,
I' tan you ole hide till its tough as bull leather,
I'll break off you love match, or break you black heart.

THE REFORMED RAKE.

Answer to the "Wife's Dream,"

Written by Henry Valentine.

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"So, I've caught you brother Dermot—nay, do not run away;
Why do you shun the festive board, and social friends gainsay—
You scorn our cheerful revels, and despise the flowing bowl.
And mope yourself to death at home—while others feast the soul?"

"Oh! listen, brother, you shall learn, a lesson worth your while,
I'll tell a tale that must dispel your callous doubting smile.
Although you are a bachelor, you may not be through life,
So from my sad experience, learn how to use a good wife.

Ah! memory oft reminds me of the wretched life I led—
The woman I had sworn to love—the bitter tears she shed:—
My own heart dead to honour—my wasted trembling form;
Come listen patiently and hear the cause of my reform.

One night I left my home and hearth a drunken jealous wretch
And stealthily returned again to lift my cottage latch.
In rage and doubt, I hid myself—to my shame be it said—
To see my own dishonour, and kill my poor wife dead!

I thought she played me false when she met me with a smile,
And little knew her tortured heart was breaking all the while.
I stealthily concealed myself to gain the awful proof,
It was a solemn scene that passed that night beneath my roof.

She sought our baby's tiny bed—in prayer she sought relief,
And loudly called for mercy on the cause of all her grief.
She cried "Oh, spare him, Heaven, and reclaim him for my sake,
I fear I've lost my husbands love—My heart is nigh to break!"

I trembled in my hiding place, afraid to breath or move,
The while her faultering voice proclaimed the strength of woman's love;
Oh, how my heart rose in my throat—all jealousy was gone—
I caught the weeper in my arms—she did not weep alone.

And oft I blessed her heartfelt prayer—I promised to reform,
Our honeymoon again began—true love had braved the storm:
She has been my saviour—friend—my better half of life,
There's no companion, brother, like a faithful loving wife.

THE WIDE AWAKE WIFE.

Parody on the "Wife's Dream,"

Written by Henry Valentine.

I can tell you're drunk again, Tubbs, there'll be the deuce to pay,
Confound the nasty knock'em downs—you've done no work to day;
Its enough to make an angel speak, I never say a word,
You've pawned my only gown and boots, and caged me like a bird

You have gone on just "any how" since the day that we were wed,
Why don't you join a burial club, that I may wish you dead.
A widow's cap cost but a groat—I'm tired of this strife—
Upon my soul when I get out I'll go and swear my life!

Last Friday night as ever was, you went and pawned the bed,
And lost the ticket in your stall—leastways that's what you said.
The things have all gone, one by one, there's nothing left behind,
Even my poor bellows gone that you may raise the wind.

Where is my poor worsted shawl—my bonnet and my chali,
Where is the carpet and the pig, I got upon the tally?
Don't laugh—you pawned my clogs last night, to go and play at skittles,
And you've left me here this three days without a bit o' wittles.

You say I'm walking in my sleep—but don't be foolish Joe,"
You'll soon walk to the county court and promise what you owe
I wish the skittle ground was burnt—I wish that you were in it;
I'd dance like any Dusty Bob, and sing like a cock linnet.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze;
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls and our dear native shore
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the Gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore tha mainsail to shivers,
Helm a-weather the hoarse boatswain cries:
Brace the foresail athwart; see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies,
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker & faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Befel three poor sailors and I.
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I and, I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After this we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way set the wind,
For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely & kind
But whether from joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born:
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn
For sailors, &c.

NOW ISN'T IT A PITY.

I LOVE a lad, a handsome lad,
And love him too, sincerely;
He played a part that won my heart.
And vowed to love me dearly!
But aunt, consent she will deny,
Indeed it's very pretty,
And I'm so vex'd that I could cry;
Now isn't it a pity.

My cruel aunt
Will jeer and taunt,
And cry young girls should tarry,
Because she yet
Could never get
A man in mind to marry.
It's downwright spite, you can't deny,
Indeed it's very pretty;
And you may laugh, but I could cry,
Now isn't it a pity.

HOPPITY, KICKITTY, BOW WOW WOW.

THERE was a merry widow, and she was very fat
She had a heavy purse, and she wa'n't the worse for that.
She was blind of one eye, and she squinted with the other,
She had a wooden leg, which hobbled with its brother
Going hoppity, kickitty, bow wow wow.
Oh, beware of love! beware of love

She cocked her squinting eye at me,
I thought her nought averse,
I cast at her, too, one sheep's eye, another at her purse,
Then I asked her for her hand, truly thinking I had won her!
But she gave me her wooden foot, plump in the seat of honour.
Going hoppitty, kickitty, &c.

I persevered and won her, and bore my prize away;
But oh! she died of drinking upon the wedding-day;
I came in for her thumping purse, just like a hive of honey,
But I had all her debts to pay, and that boned all my money.
Going hoppitty, kickitty, &c.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

DOWN in the valley come meet me to night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever was told by the new-moon's light,
To young maiden shining as newly.

But for the world, let no one be nigh
Lest haply the stars should deceive me,
These secrets between you and me and the sky,
Should never go farther believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you,
A male apparition—the image of him,
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find,
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He'll kneel witn a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite,
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes,
To settle, ere morning, between them.

THE SPRING IS COMING.

THE Spring is coming resolv'd to banish,
The King of the ice and his turbulent train,
With her fairy wand she bids them vanish,
And welcomes the sunshine to earth again,
Then, maidens, forgo the wintry kirtle,
And lace ev'ry boddice with bright green string;
And twine each lattice with wreaths of myrtle,
To honour the advent of joyful Spring!

The Spring is coming to wake the roses,
With gay serenades, from her chorister birds,
Every breathing flow'rets lips discloses,
A gratitude, sweeter than mortal words,
Shall we be the last to swell the measure,
That all nature's children in harmony sing?
Ah! no we'll tune, with a holier pleasure,
The carol of welcome to joyful Spring.

THE FLITCH OF BACON.

THE spruce Mr. Clarke,
Was a young Essex spark,
A farmer uxorious and rich,
He lov'd dearly as his life,
Fry'd bacon and his wife;
And, says he, My duck, we'll claim the flitch.

Mrs. Clark ('twas in bed)
Lov'd bacon, she said,
But she vow'd she'd no more see it spoil'd;
Crying, Clark, you're quite mistaken,
If you thinks to fry that bacon,
I insists that ev'ry bit shall be boil'd.

Mr. Clarke, tho' 'twas night,
Jump'd in bed bolt upright,
Quite enrag'd at his rib by his side,
And, says he, Now, Madam, mark?
Tho' I love you, Mrs. Clarke,
I'll be d—d if it sha'nt all be fry'd.

The dispute ran so high,
Twixt a broil and a fry,
That Clark, though he argued it roundly,
Put an end to all turmolling,
As to frying or to boiling,
By basting Mrs. Clarke, very soundly.

These turtles no doubt,
Very soon found out,
That their claim to the flitch must be shaken,
They had children blithe as larks,
But all the little Clarks,
Were mark'd with a rasher of bacon

THE THUNDERBOLT FRIGATE.

SCARCE out of short coat,
I learnt sailing by rote,
So I cut me a boat,
And I set it afloat,
And learnt while a younger to rig it,
And though not so high,
As a handspike, said I,
My fortune I'll try,
On the sea far and nigh,
So I sailed in the Thunderbolt Frigate.

I called them all asses,
That talked of the lasses,
Or thought in their glasses
That time gaily passes.
While dancing on dry land they jig it,
For I had a notion,
Of gaining promotion,
By giving a potion,
To foes on the ocean,
While on board of the Thunderbolt Frigate.

They talk of the prattle,
Of pretty lips tattle,
But give me the rattle,
Of guns in a battle,
When an enemy's standard we twig it:
When woman I tried her,
I ne'er could abide her,
For nothing can guide her,
Not e'en a broadsider,
From the guns of the Thunderbolt Frigate.

MY DEAR SHEPHERD'S COT,

Written by John Heather

TUNE.—*Farewell to the Mountain.*

I SIGH for the pleasures,
Of yonder green vale,
Where sweet laves the fountain,
And soft breathes the gale,
Oh, fair would I wander
Alone and forgot,
Nor sigh for ought else,
Save my dear Shepherds Cot.

For William, dear William,
Lives happily there,
A gay Shepherd swain,
As noble as fair,
'Tis him that adorns,
This wild mountains spot
And happiness reigns in
My dear Shepherds cot.

Oh then I will haste to
This home I adore,
Nor envy the monarch
His power or store,
With William each sorrow,
Will soon be forgot;
And peace will illumine,
My dear Shepherds cot,

THE LIFE BOAT.

'TIS sweet to behold when the billows are sleeping,
Some gray-coloured bark, moving gracefully by;
No damp on her deck, but the even tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet who would not turn with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and worn,
Which often had waited o'er hills of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn.

Oh, grant that of those who, in life's sunny slumber,
Around us, like summer-barks, idly have played,
When storms are abroad, we may find in the number,
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.

GO TO THE PUMP.

I HAVE thought of it deeply, have thought of it long,
And thus I embody my thought with a song;
To conclusions at once, I most certainly jump,
For the best of all liquors, why go to the pump.

No slander is there, no sorrow nor guile,
No time serving knave who will rob with a smile;
But good fellows only—each soul proves a trump,
Who flies from a gin-shop and sticks to the pump.

No sorrow ere comes there, for crystal and pure,
From the first to the end of all time 'twill endure:
Then tipler, for once prove a man and a trump,
And see what true friendship is for med at the pump.

A MERRY LITTLE SAILOR OUT AT SEA.

WHEN first I left my mam & dad,
To brave the foaming ocean,
They said, while looking very sad,
It was a silly notion;
They talked of dangers of the sea,
To check my resolution,
And said it was the wisest way
Squalls and battles to shun;
Poh, poh, says I,
I can but try
My luck, like other tars, d'ye see,
With yo, yo, yo,
Fal lal de ra, &c.
A merry little sailor out at sea.

On board, soon, with my birth content,
I like the lark was singing,
When up the shrouds I gaily went,
Or when the bowl was slinging,
A storm we braved—a battle fought;
The sport I took delight in,
We plied the foe with broadside hot,
Till they were sick of fighting,
The battle o'er,
With grog galore,
I danced the strains of victory,
With fal lal la, &c.
A merry little sailor out at sea.

So now on shore a jolly dog,
I'll spend my shiners freely,
With sweetheart, fiddle, song, and grog,
We'll do the thing genteelly;
Then who'd not be a jovial tar,
So careless and so merry,
Whose sport no danger e'er can mar,
Who's ne'er with pleasure wear,
When come ashore,
With grog galore,
He keeps the game alive, d'ye see,
With fal lal la, &c.
A merry little sailor come from sea.

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

COME, bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be;
Our can is full, we'll see it out,
And then all hands to sea,
And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss, at dancing school, is taught
The minuet to tread;
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cut-head.
And a sailing, &c.

The jockeys call to horse, to horse,
And swiftly rides the race;
But swifter far we shape our course.
When we are giving chase.
And a sailing &c.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers;
As loud we hollow when we send
A broadside to Monsieur.
And a sailing, &c.

The what's-their-names at uproars squall,
With music fine and soft;
But better sounds our boatswain's call,
All hands, all hands-aloft.
And a sailing, &c.

With gold and silver streamers fine
The ladies rigging show;
But English ships more grander shine
When prizes home we tow.
And a sailing, &c.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or with wives:
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more:—
Thus passes sailors' lives.
And a sailing, &c.

BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

COME all you bold seamen and see what is done,
See how a bold woman will fight for a man,
So we will cross the salt seas let the wind blow so strong,
While our rakish young heroes cry
Britons strike home, my boys,
Britons strike home.

My father was a squire and I was his heiress,
And I fell in love with a sailor so rare.
So we will cross, &c.

Our ship carried over nine hundred men,
And out of nine hundred five hundred were slain.
So we will cross, &c.

The sweet little bullets came flying apace,
I was shot in my right breast how hard is my case.
So we will cross, &c.

Come all you bold women where'er you be,
Consider the hardships we suffer at sea.
So we will cross, &c.

EACH BULLET HAS ITS COMMISSION.

What argufies pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow:
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go,
Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,
The halter was made for the neck;
He that's now 'live and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover
Got killed and left Polly in pain:
Poll cried, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.

Jack Junk was ill-used by Bet Crocker
And so took to guzzling the stuff.
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argufies calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is a-peak?
Then drink, &c.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'Twas in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd British ground!
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But, when wee'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore;
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
We stood to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrows of the fight;
My precious limb was lopped off,
I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popped off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I am disabled
And lie in Greenwich tier!
The king, God bless his royalty,
Who saved me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

THE HEART KNOWS ONLY ONE

The landsmen tell you those who roam
O'er Oceans boundless tide,
On ev'ry shore can find a home,
In every port a bride
Heed not, sweet maid their idle prate,
They ne'er such feelings knew
As warm the heart of thy sailor-mate
Which beats alone for you.

What though when storms our bark assail,
The needle trembling veers.
When night adds horror to the gale
And not a star appears;
True to the Pole as I to thee,
It faithful still will prove,
An emblem, dear, of constancy,
And of a sailor's love.

Then turn from what the landsmen say,
Who would thy faith beguile;
They seize the time when we're away
To practise every wile;
O'er beauty bright our looks may rove,
We ne'er its influence shun,
But though the eye has many a love,
The heart knows only one.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE MARY.

AIR.—Here's a health to one I love Dear.

Here's a health to thee, Mary,
Here's a health to thee;!
The drinkers are gone and I am alone
To think of home and thee, Mary
There are some who may smile on thee, Mary,
And may as frank and free;
And a few as fair, but the sunmer air
Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh Mary,
And thy dimm'd and gentle eye
And I've call'd on thy name when the night winds came,
And heard my heart reply, Mary,
Be thou then true to me, Mary
And I'll be true to thee, Mary
And at set of sun when my task is done
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary

SATURDAY NIGHT.

'TIS said we vent'rous die-hards,
when we leave the shore,
Our friends should morn,
Lest we return
To bless their sight no more.
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't understand,
Some die upon the ocean,
And some upon the land.
Then since 'tis clear,
Howe'er we steer,
No man's life's under his command;
Let tempests howl,
And billows roll
And dangers press!
Of those in spite, there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless,
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sails, another the log,
The purser swops
Our pay for slops.
The landlord sells us grog;
Then each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim.
What argufies noration?
The rest is all a whim.
Cheerly, my hearts!
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolved to sink or swim
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And danger press;
Of these in spite, &c,

For all the world just like the ropes aboard a ship,
Each man's rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip.
The shrouds, the stays, the braces,
Are joys, and hopes, & fears;
The halliards, sheets, & traces,
Still, as each passion veers,
And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers.
Then let the storm
Heaven's face deform,
And dangers press:
Of these in spite, &c.

THE LETTER N.

from a loblolly-boy none was so cute,
knowing things most sort I folard;
Ben Binacle learn'd me to read and dispute,
For Ben was a bit of a scholard.
Of the whole criss cross row I in time know'd the worth;
But the dear letter N for my fancy;
For N stands for nature and noble and north,
Neat, nimble, nine, nineteen, and Nancy.

She soon was my wife, and I sail'd round the world,
To get prize-money where I could forage;
And for love, wheresoever our Jack was unfurl'd,
I daunted them all with my courage:
For I now read in books about heroes and fame,
And for all sorts of rows got a fancy;
Sticking still to dear N, for N stands for name,
Note, novel, neck, nothing, and Nancy.

In the midst of this bustle I lost my poor friend,
And each object around me grew hateful;
For I know'd not false heart was a fair face to blend,
Nor had larning yet made me ungrateful.
I liked my friend well, and deplored him;—what then?
My wife was the first in my fancy;
For though B stands for buck, brother, bottom, and Ben,
Yet N stands for needle and Nancy

Well, I've weather'd life's storms, and, till laid a sheer hulk,
Will my absence again never shock her;
Thanks to fortune, at sea I've no need to break bulk,
For I've plenty of shot in the locker.
Our kids play around us, and still to pursue
The letter so dear to my fancy,
Though nineteen twice told noons & nights but renew
The nice natty notion of Nancy.

LIFE'S A BUMPER.

LIFE'S a bumper, filled by fate,
Let us guests enjoy the treat,
Nor, like silly mortals, pass
Life as 'twere but half a glass;
Let this scene with joy be crowned,
Let the glee and catch go round;
All the sweets of life combine,
Mirth, music love, and wine.